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#15

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DEADPOOL

EVER GET THE FEELING YOU'RE BEING *WATCHED?*

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KELLY
McDANIEL
RODRIGUEZ

SOMEPLACE... SPECIAL, BEYOND THE CONFINES OF EARTH...

CALL ME *CRAZY*...BUT I BELIEVE THAT TODAY IS MY DAY TO *DIE, CHILDREN*

EATS. CHOW. GRUB... HEH HEH.

IT'S A *NAGGING* FEELING I GET AT THE BASE OF MY SKULL... A DULL *THROB*... COULD JUST BE *INDIGESTION*...

SPEAK-A DE *ENGLISH*, FELLAS? *LUNCH* FOR THE *VEGGIES*.

RIGHT. KNOCK YOURSELF OUT, *KID*.

NO... WAIT... I CAN'T HAVE INDIGESTION *YET*... I WON'T EAT MY FOOD FOR ANOTHER *FIFTEEN MINUTES*...

IT'S SO *EMBARRASSING* WHEN I CONFUSE THE *PRESENT* AND THE *FUTURE*... -SIGH- *EXCUSE ME*, CHILDREN...

WHO GETS THE *PASTRAMI* AND... *PUMPERNICKELP*

THAT WOULD BE ME, SON...

H-HERE Y-YOU GO...GOD...*LOOK* AT YOU...

I'D RATHER NOT. WOULDN'T WANT TO SPOIL *LUNCH*

DID THEY REMEMBER THE *MAYO* THIS TIME?

Y-YES.

HMMM... SUPPOSE THAT MEANS I'M *NOT* GOING TO *CHOKE* TO DEATH ON AN ERRANT *SCRAP* OF DRY *BAGUETTE*...

CHILDREN? WE HAVE QUITE THE MYSTERY ON OUR HANDS! I THINK THAT TODAY IS GOING TO BE A REAL *TREAT*...

I DO SO HOPE THAT IT'S A *MESSY* ONE.

CUT TO: GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO --

— WHERE A CERTAIN LOQUACIOUS LEGIONNAIRE HAS JUST BEEN OFFERED A SECOND LEASE ON HIS LAMENTABLE LIFE...

I'M WAITING FOR YOU TO SAY, "PSYCH", CULLODEN. THAT'S THE KIND OF DAY I'VE BEEN HAVING...

... IN CASE YOU MISSED IT, I JUST GOT MY FINELY CHISELED BUTTOCKS HANDED TO ME ON A STICK.© SO I'M NOT REALLY HIP TO THE "FOLLOW YOUR DESTINY" TIP —

Mean Ol' T-Ray pounded DEADPOOL in issue #13 --Matt

THAT WAS THE PAST, WILSON. I'M TALKING ABOUT THE FUTURE...

AND A SHOT AT PROVING ONCE AND FOR ALL THAT YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES... TO BE A HERO —

OH-NO! YOU WILL NOT USE THAT FILTHY FOUR LETTER H-WORD IN MY PRESENCE UNLESS YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT A SANDWICH, SISTER!

I'M NOT PLAYING THAT GAME ANYMORE... LIKE THE CANDY MAN ONCE SANG, "I GOTTA BE ME... NOW GIVE ME BACK MY EYE —"

ALL THE ANSWERS YOU'RE GOING TO NEED ARE THIS WAY.

RIGHT, I'VE HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE... IN THE FIFTH GRADE WHEN LITTLE CHASTITY LEMIEUX PANTSED ME IN HOME EC.

TRY THIS, THEN. YOU LOST YOUR TELEPORT BELT TO T-RAY DURING THE BATTLE, THE AUTHORITIES ARE ALL OVER THE PARK, AND YOU HAVE NO OTHER WAY OUT.

...

GET ONE THING STRAIGHT... HE'S JUST BORROWING MY BELT WHILE I GET MY PRIDE BACK --

KLONG

ALRIGHT, I'LL ASSUME THAT THIS POOR MAN'S TARDIS IS SOME SORT OF TELEPORT BOOTH --

DEADPOOL —

TELL ME WHEN WE GET TO THAT PART WHERE YOUR GUTS GET TURNED INSIDE OUT... I'M FEELING FRAGILE TODAY --

NO, REALLY, IT'S BAD... I MIGHT LOSE CONTROL. JUST PREP ME SO I DON'T EMBARRASS MYSELF --

DEADPOOL ...

YTTEK/TEINADCM/ZEUGIADOA &
TATIGID/ME/TFARGIMOC/SA

Stan Lee presents:

NEWUELA'S EVOLUTIONS

OR HOW TO GET AHEAD IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

WE'RE *HERE.* SMOOTH RIDE, *NO?*

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OH, @%#* *TOTO...* WE *REALLY* OVERSHOT KANSAS THIS TIME.

WELCOME TO THE RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT DIVISION OF *LANDAU LUCKMAN & LAKE,* Mr. DEADPOOL. WE'VE BEEN *EXPECTING* YOU...

PLEASE TO TAKE *NUMBER.* CAN I TO OFFER YOU A *FRUIT PUNCH?*

MOSTEDI/SARAH

SAN FRANCISCO, SITE OF DEADPOOL'S HOME, THE DEADHUT.

NOT FAR FROM HERE, DEADPOOL AND T-RAY WAGED THEIR PYROTECHNIC EXTRAVAGANZA. INSIDE THIS ABODE...

...ANOTHER BATTLE IS WAGED...

...WITHIN THE VERY PRIVATE ARENA OF ONE WOMAN'S SOUL.

SHOULD I STAY OR SHOULD I GO NOW..?

SHOULD I STAY OR SHOULD I GO NOW..?

IF I STAY THERE WILL BE TROUBLE... YA-DA DA-DA DA-DA DOUBLE...

FOOLISH OLD BROAD, YOU KNOW DARN WELL YOU'RE NOT GOING *ANYWHERE*... WHY *TORTURE* YOURSELF?

SURE... *MAYBE* YOU COULD SCARE UP A CANE AND TAP YOUR *BLIND* SELF OUT OF HERE... *MAYBE* YOU COULD FIND *WEASEL* AND THAT STUPID *MUTT*.

STEP OUT THAT DOOR AND SKIP UNDER-GROUND... LEAVE *DEADPOOL*...

LEAVE DEADPOOL.

YEAH... YOU COULD... BUT THEN YOU'D HAVE TO LIVE WITH *WORSE* THAN THAT PSYCHOTIC *SCREWHEAD*...

YOU'D HAVE TO LIVE WITH THE HORROR HE'D CAUSE IF YOU LEFT HIM *UNCHECKED*.

DEBTS STINK.

WE'LL MEET AGAIN... DON'T KNOW WHERE, DON'T KNOW WHEN... BUT I KNOW WE'LL MEET AGAIN, SOME SUNNY DAY...

BACK AT THE PEOPLE-FRIENDLY INTER-GALACTIC CONGLOMERATE KNOWN AS LL&L --

ARE WE PLAYING *GAMES* HERE, NOAH? IF SO, I LEFT MY *HELMET* AND *CLEATS* IN THE CAR.

NO, *OVER-BOSS DIXON*, SIR. THIS WAS *UNFORTUNATE*, BUT --

UNFORTUNATE. I'M TRYING TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY, AND "*UNFORTUNATE*" IS THE BEST YOU CAN MUSTER?

TRY *INCOMPETENT*. INEPT. *ABSURD*. DO YOU REALIZE WHAT HAPPENS IF THE *THREE L'S* LEARN ABOUT THE *MITHRAS DIRECTIVE*?

OF *COURSE*, SIR... BUT ZOE DID HER BEST TO CONTAIN —

SHE *LOST CONTROL* OF WILSON AND ALLOWED HIM TO BATTLE THAT *RIDICULOUS* T-RAY.

LUCKILY, THE L'S ARE DEALING WITH AN ISSUE IN *SUBSTRATE NINETEEN*, OR THEY'D BE ALL OVER THIS.

IT'S TIME WE EXPLORED *OTHER OPTIONS*. CONTACT *MR.* --

-AHEM-

ZOE!

I'LL GIVE YOU ONE GUESS WHO I HAVE IN TANK '*B*'.

MEANWHILE, BELOW...

HMMM... SO IT WASN'T A *CHICKEN BONE*...NOR *SALMONELLA*...

PERHAPS SOMEONE COME TO VISIT... SOMEONE WITH *DEATH* IN HIS MIND, OUT TO DO OL' *MONTGOMERY* WRONG...

'ELLO 'ELLO? WHAT'S THIS?

LOOKS LIKE I'D BETTER CALL MY *LIFE INSURANCE* BROKER... MAKE SURE I'M PAID *UP*.

—I MEAN, IT *SEEMED* LIKE A GOOD IDEA TO SMUGGLE *MICROFICHE* OUT OF BOLIVIA, BUT GUESS WHAT --

-- THE BOLIVIAN BORDER GUARDS HAVE *WAY COLD* HANDS. I TELL YOU THIS, FRIEND, IT *WASN'T* PRETTY. BRRR.

...

SO... UH... NO MORE *SEINFELD*, HUH? BULLY FOR HIM, I SAY. LEAVE 'EM *BEGGING* FOR MORE...

I HEAR THEY'RE GONNA REPLACE IT WITH A SERIALIZED VERSION OF *"FACES OF DEATH,"* MAYBE HOSTED BY *CARMEN ELECTRA*...

... YOU KNOW, TO KEEP THE *LAUGHTER* ALIVE.

...

YOU LIKE *MIDGET WRESTLING?*

NNNF

HEY, *MARTY FELDMAN*... IN CASE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE, I'M TRYING TO GET ALONG WITH *OTHERS* AND MAKE NEW *FRIENDS*.

...

NOW, I HAD THE COMMON DECENCY TO STEER THE CONVERSATION AWAY FROM THAT *CRO-MAGNON HAT RACK* YOU'RE SPORTING --

-- BUT NOW IT'S *YOUR* TURN TO CHIT-CHAT, OR I'M LEAVING YOU TO WALLOW IN FREAKISH *MISERY* BY *YOURSELF*.

PO NK PO NK

COME ON, MAN! SHARE YOUR *FEELINGS*... OPEN UP...

MMM GE GN--

LET GO --

EEP.

KASPLOOCH

THIS IS NOT MY FAULT!

WE MOMENTARILY FORSAKE THE INTERGALACTIC ODDITIES OF LL&L...

...FOR A SCENE SET IN THE SERENE FORESTS OF THE GREAT WHITE NORTH... CANADA.

WHERE, IF HE SO CHOOSES, A MAN CAN LOSE HIMSELF IN NATURE'S EMBRACE, LIVING AS ONE WITH THE LAND.

CHWOP

UNDISTURBED...

...UNAFRAID...

...UNTAINTED BY THE MIASMA OF CIVILIZATION...

...AND ITS UNIQUE PREDATORS.

KRAAAH

HEH... KILLED THAT FIR BUT GOOD. STUPID NERVES...

...EVER SINCE I HEARD ABOUT JACQUES --

HELLO, TODD.

Jacques bought it last issue --Matt

IT'S BEEN AGES.

AJAX?

HURRK!

YES, REJECT... IT'S ME --

SCHRIP

AGH

Oh, GOOD. YOU REMEMBER HOW TO *SCREAM.*

LET'S *CHAT,* SHALL WE?

SO MUCH FOR SERENITY... MEANWHILE, BACK AT L3.

IS THIS SOME SORT OF TWISTED *JOKE,* ZOE?

HOLD ON, I LEFT *STRICT* INSTRUCTIONS FOR HIM TO STAY --

AND YOU EXPECTED HIM TO *LISTEN?!* I KNOW GIRL SCOUTS WHO SUFFER FROM LESS *NAIVETE,* CULLODEN. HE'S MAKING US LOOK LIKE *IDIOTS!*

SIGH! LET'S *FIND* HIM.

I'LL CALL FOR AN *ALERT* --

OH PLEASE DO, NOAH... AND MAYBE *AFTERWARDS,* WE'LL TAKE WILSON AROUND AND INTRODUCE HIM TO EVERYONE AS THE *SAVIOR* OF THE *UNIVERSE.*

PLEASE, YOU TWO. YOU'RE *EMBARRASSING* ME.

AND *HERBERT...*

...I HOPE THAT THIS HAS TAUGHT YOU *NEVER* TO WAIT WHEN YOU FEEL AN *EPISODE* COMING ON.

HGGLCH?

"HGGLCH", INDEED. YOU'RE GOING TO *PAY* TO REPAINT THAT WALL, YOU KNOW...

WAITING ROOM

CGCH

ONE DOES NOT *TRULY* APPRECIATE ONE'S GRIP ON *REALITY UNTIL* HE SEES A GUY'S CANTALOUPE EXPLODE FOR NO REASON.

I HAVEN'T BEEN THAT DISTURBED SINCE THE TIME I CAUGHT *VANGUARD* GIVING *SASQUATCH* A *BACK WAX*...

I'D BETTER JUST CALL THIS WHOLE *"LIVING OUT MY DESTINY"* CLAPTRAP A BUST AND *SKEDADDLE*...

...RIGHT AFTER A QUICK TRIP TO THE *CAN*... I DON'T WANT TO TRACK *DWEEB GOO* AROUND THE OFFICE.

WOULDN'T IT BE COOL IF I REALLY DID MAKE THAT DUDE DETONATE WITH SOME SORT OF *"MORK FROM ORK"* POWER IN MY FINGER?

PHOTO-SENS- E EXPERIMENT IN PROGRESS- DO NOT OPEN.

THAT WOULD BE *RAGIN'*. I COULD BE LIKE, *"NANU NANU YOU MUTANT SCUM!"* AND GIVE *WEDGIES* FROM A BLOCK AWAY...

I BET A MAGIC *FINGER* COULD SALVAGE EVEN *MY* PATHETIC LOVE LIFE — *WHOOPS.*

-- STABLE READINGS. HE'S *OUT* --

HOLD ON, MARTIN... THERE'S A *PHOTO-VOL SPIKE* --

UH...OH -- *THIS* ISN'T WHERE I LEFT MY *PANTS!* TERRIBLY SORRY, CHAPS, *CARRY* ON...

DIDN'T *YOU* LOCK THE *BACK DOOR?*

OH. LORD... I THOUGHT *YOU* DID.

HOW *MORTIFYIN'*... I'LL JUST GET A *WET-NAP* FROM THE RECEPTIONIST ON MY WAY OUT...

MAYBE IT DIDN'T *NOTICE* THE *LIGHT.*

SURE... IT DIDN'T NOTICE...

HOLD ME.

ONLY IF *YOU* HOLD ME, TOO.

GLUB

NOW, *CHILDREN*... YOU'RE PROBABLY THINKING TO YOURSELVES, "TELL ME, *MONTY*, IF YOU'RE SUCH AN ACCOMPLISHED *PSYCHIC* —

-- *WHY* IS IT THAT YOU'RE SO *UNCLEAR* ON HOW YOU'RE GOING TO *DIE?*"

I'M *GLAD* YOU ASKED! IT'S ALL DUE TO THE *MIRACLE* OF SCIENCE CALLED THE *ANTI-SOLIPSISTIC DEGENERATOR* —

-- A *WETWIRED* DEVICE *DAMPENS* A *PRECOGNITIAN'S* ABILITY TO FORESEE HIS OR HER OWN *FUTURE.*

AS A RESULT, THE BLINDED *PSI* MUST RELY SOLELY ON SIMPLE *DEDUCTIVE REASONING.*

FOR EXAMPLE, LET'S SAY *PSYCHIC "A"* SUSPECTS THAT HE'S GOING TO EXPIRE...

...AND *SOCIOPATHIC MANIAC "B"* ENTERS A'S PLACE OF BUSINESS, AND BEGINS CAUSING *MAYHEM.*

IT DOESN'T TAKE AN *IRONSIDE* TO CONCLUDE THAT PSYCHIC "A" IS ABOUT TO GET A *VACATION...*

...OF A *PERMANENT NATURE*, *DEADPOOL* WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME.

DO YOU *FOLLOW*, CHILDREN?

GLCHH.

FRRT.

SAN FRANCISCO. THE DEADHUT.

NOW WHAT?

SIGH!

MUNCH MUNCH

SIGH!

SIGH!

SIGH!

HFF--

--NNGH!

HUFF...

SNNFFF...

...AHH

OKAY... YEAH. I KNOW WHAT TO DO.

BACK TO LL&L, WHERE OUR HERO IS LOST, LOST & LOST...

RASSUM FRASSUM EXPLODEY-HEAD GUY... I WONDER IF GREEN MATTER LEAVES A *STAIN* --

UH-OH... *BUSTED.*

WILSON! WHAT IN GOD'S NAME [redacted] YOU *DOING* OUT HERE?! I TOLD YOU TO STAY *PUT!*

OH... AND YOU *MEANT* IT?

SO... *THIS* IS THE INFAMOUS *WADE WILSON?*

YOU'RE A LOT... SMALLER IN PERSON.

YEAH, BUT I'VE GOT A BIG HEART! WHAT ARE *YOU* SUPPOSED TO BE?

IN THIS PLACE, THE CLOSEST YOU'LL FIND TO A *GOD, MISCREANT.* I'M *DIXON.*

YEAH, I CAN *TELL* THAT, BUT WHAT'S YOUR *NAME?* AND DON'T CALL ME *SON.*

WHAT?! DO YOU REALIZE WHO YOU'RE *SPEAKING* TO, YOU UNDERDEVELOPED *NEANDERTHAL?!*

WHOA, KILLER! SAY IT, DON'T *SPRAY* IT. I WANT THE *NEWS,* NOT THE *WEATHER.*

P.S., GRAB YOURSELF A DICTIONARY AND LOOK UP *"TIC-TAC".* YOU'LL BE DOING US ALL A *FAVOR.*

LISTEN, GANG, THIS HAS BEEN A REAL *FONDUE PARTY* AND ALL, BUT I HAVE A FEELING I DON'T *BELONG* IN THE LL&L FAMILY.

I HAD MY SUSPICIONS WHEN THAT GUY PULLED THE *MEGA-MIGRAINE,* BUT *SPITTLE BOY* JUST SEALED THE NO DEAL —

YOU CAN'T JUST *LEAVE!* LET'S ALL TAKE A MOMENT TO COOL DOWN, AND WE CAN GET TO [redacted]S —

HMMM -- NO.

BADOOM

SEE?! AGAIN WITH THE *EXPLODING* AND THE *BOOMING!*

YOU PEOPLE ARE *SICK!* YOU KNOW THAT?! *PYROPHILIACS,* THE LOT OF YOU! I'M *OUTTA* HERE!

OVER MY *DEAD BODY!* YOU'RE *NOT* GOING TO BLOW THIS FOR ME --

-- AND YOU'RE MOST CERTAINLY NOT GOING *THAT WAY!*

HEH HEH... YOU KNOW, MAYBE I'M NOT IN SUCH A BIG RUSH AFTER ALL... TRAFFIC AT THIS HOUR WILL BE A BEAST --

PERFECT. JUST PERFECT. CENTRAL, THIS IS OVERBOSS DIXON. PREP ONE TO BODYSLIDE UP TO SUPERVISOR LEVEL...

RIGHT AWAY, SIR!

AND GET SECURITY DOWN TO LEVEL THREE...

[redacted] HAVE [redacted] PROGRESS. DORIS IS LOOSE.

DORIS? WELL... SINCE NO ONE ELSE IS GONNA SAY IT...

...SOMEBODY SMACKED THAT POOR LITTLE GIRL FULL ON THE CHOPS WITH A SOCKFUL OF UGLY BRICKS.

YOU KNOW, I'M REALLY STARTING TO FEEL PERSECUTED HERE.

YOU DIDN'T ACCIDENTALLY GO INTO ONE OF THE RESTRICTED LABS, DID YOU?

MAYBE IT JUST WANTS TO MAKE NICEY-NICE --

SCHREE

WE'RE GONNA DIE.

GENTLEMEN? IF YOU PLEASE.

YOU KNOW, YOU SOUND JUST LIKE RICARDO MONTALBAN WHEN YOU SAY THAT!

SAY SOMETHING ELSE... HOW ABOUT --

GRAAF SHOOKT SHOOKT SHOOKT

SKITTER

-- SMILES EVERYONE... SMILES..?

WHOA. SOMEBODY TELL TATTOO TO STRAP ON HIS RUBBER GLOVES... THIS ONE'S GONNA BE MESSY.

ALRIGHT... I'M OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS...

JUST ONE... IN THE WORDS OF THE IMMORTAL SNAGGLEPUSS...

EXIT, STAGE [redacted]! RIGHT... DON'T YOU KNOW?!

WHAT?! DEADPOOL?!

-SIGH- AMATEURS.

BRROWR

CENTRAL YOU CAN ACTIVATE THAT BODYSLIDE NOW, PLEASE —

SWIFF

-- AND HAVE MY SECRETARY CANCEL THAT DEADPOOL CONTRACT SHE WAS WORKING ON.

THE TRANQUIL CANADIAN WOODS...

NNGHH

NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND, TODD? I DON'T CALL YOU *REJECT* JUST TO BE *SPITEFUL*...

THEY FUSED *PAIN RECEPTORS* TO THE BIONIC SENSORS IN YOUR *PROSTHETICS!* WHAT GOOD IS A *ROBOTIC MAN* IF HE CAN *FEEL?*

Oh, GOD... STOP...

ALREADY? AS GOING MAKE *SHADOW*

I -- I'LL *TELL* YOU... WHAT I KNOW... I KEPT IN TOUCH WITH *ONE*... OF THE OTHERS.

WHO? LATROBE? *HIRAKU?*

"W-*WILSON*... W-WILSON WENT BACK TO THE *MERC* GAME.. HE'S STILL KICKING AROUND --"

-Oh, N- -IE'S *NOT*... -- FOR *LONG.*

BINGO.

BACK AT TROUBLE CENTRAL...

YOU KNOW SOME-THING, CULLODEN, THIS MORNING, LYING IN *SNOW* AND *GARBAGE*, I DIDN'T THINK THINGS COULD BE ANY *WORSE.*

REBAR

I WANT TO *THANK* YOU FOR EXPANDING MY *HORIZONS.* REALLY. YOU DA *MAN.*

WHY YOU *THANKLESS* SON OF A -- PUT ME *DOWN*, YOU GOOD FOR NOTHING *COWARD!*

TIME OUT.

WHOOF!

I'M GOING TO *ASSUME* FOR A MOMENT THAT YOU! MEANT TO SAY, "GOOD FOR *NOTHING CUSTARD,*" AND MADE A *FREUDIAN SLIP* --

-- THAT WAY I DON'T HAVE TO *POP* YOU AND MUSS UP YOUR *SWANKY FLOCK OF SEAGULLS* HAIRDO.

WHOOSH

IT'S -- BACK UP, AND YOU GO FOR CALLODEN!

NOTED -- FLATTENED, ONLY GET ME FLATTERY WILL OKAY!

CALLODEN?

CHICKEN! WHAT A GEEZ...

SLAM

UH... HEH... OOPS...

SORRY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE MARTHA STEWART...

HEY, UH... I LOVED YOU IN "H.U.L.D." STETTAS PERFORMANCE... ALL NICE AND SUAVE SWELL BOY, YOU EYEWEAR!

BACK OFF, MOUTH BREATHER! CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE HAVING A LADY ARE HAVING A CHAT HERE?!

MMMMM

FOUR HOURS AGO! SORCERER ABOUT TWENTY- OF ME BY A FAT ALBINO I HAD IT BULLDOZERED OUT NO, WAIT, I REMEMBER! MY OTHER JACKET... IT'S IN

RESPONSIBILITY? YOU'RE SENSE OF CONCERNED WITH SAVING BUT YOU'RE ONLY PEOPLE IN DANGER! ARE INNOCENT THERE

REMARK... I REASSERT THAT NO MATTER WHAT THE PSYS SAY, YOU'RE NOTHING MORE THAN A SELF- CENTERED WASTE WITH NO SPINE! I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME, I EVER LEARN, EVERY TIME I STICK MY NECK OUT FOR YOU, YOU DISRUPT EVERYTHING!

CRUNCH

KRASH!

SO... DORIS... BESIDES *MAIMING* TWO-DOLLAR-AN-HOUR GUARDS AND *DROOLING* EXCESSIVELY... YOU HAVE ANY *HOBBIES?*

YOU STRIKE ME AS THE TYPE OF CHICK WHO'D ENJOY A GOOD [redacted] FROM TIME TO TIME... FEMALE *RUGBY* CHAMP ALL THE WAY... AM I *RIGHT?*

REALLY? WELL, FIELD HOCKEY IS *OKAY* TOO... I COULD NEVER GET INTO THE *KILT*, THOUGH... MY *LEGS* DON'T CARRY IT OFF.

KROAKK

SIGH WELL, KID, WE'VE HAD A FEW *YUKS*, TRADED A FEW *INTIMATE* DETAILS... BUT I DON'T THINK THIS RELATIONSHIP'S GOING TO FLY...

...SO I WANT YOU TO *SMILE* AND SAY, *"OH DEAR LORD, MY EYE! MY EYE!"*

PUJBPUB

WILSON! *STOP!*

YOU *HARM* ONE *EYESTALK* ON THAT CREATURE'S HEAD AND IT'S YOUR *HIDE*, MISTER!

DO *NOT* -- I *REPEAT* -- *DO NOT KILL IT!*

AW, MAN... YOU SHOULDN'T'VE BROKE MY *BLOODTHIRSTY STARE* LIKE THAT --

KTSHH

GREEE

THIS IS GONNA BRUISE.

LIMA... OPRAH. OPRAH... BEEF.

WILSON!

MA... THE GAMEBOY IS FLYING AND TALKING AGAIN... I THINK I NEED MY SHOT --

WILSON! DORIS REPRESENTS THE PINNACLE OF PHOTOREACTIVE BIO-ORDNANCE ENGINEERING!

THAT PILE OF CONSCIOUSLESS MEAT IS WORTH MORE THAN YOU'LL MAKE IN A THOUSAND LIFETIMES --

HOLD ON, CHIEF, THAT THING IS [redacted] YOUR PEOPLE --

THEY ARE REPLACEABLE, IT IS PRICELESS! COMPARED TO DORIS, NONE OF YOU ARE WORTH SPIT! DO NOT KILL IT!

DO YOU READ ME --

KTZASH

YOU TALK TOO MUCH, RICHARD.

AH, WELL... SOUNDS LIKE MY [redacted] HAS ARRIVED, CHILDREN.

IT'S BEEN AN ABSOLUTE PLEASURE. YOU'RE A COUPLE OF TRUE PROFESSIONALS. YOU MADE THIS LIFE FUN.

AGHH

NOOO

SQUISHT

HKKTG

NRFF

YOO-HOO! OH, MONSTROSITY! OVER HERE PLEASE.

I'VE SETTLED MY ACCOUNTS, SAID MY GOODBYES, AND MADE PEACE WITH MY GOD.

I'M READY FOR YOUR SWEET KISS.

KKOOKK

YOU MAY *CHEW* WHEN *READY*, SIR OR MADAM.

GENTLE *HEREAFTER*... EMBRACE YOUR WEARY --

!

BEHIDW

-- SONP

PERFECT, AND WOULDJA BELIEVE I NEVER WENT TO *DENTAL SCHOOL*, EITHER, FOLKS?

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS PUT IT BACK TO *SLEEP* BY HITTING THE LIGHTS, AND THIS CRISIS IS *AVERTED*.

ISN'T THAT *CLEVER*. NEXT YOU'LL TELL ME YOU GUYS INVENTED THE *CLAPPER*.

NIGHTY NIGHT, UGLY... SWEET *SCREAMS*.

CLICK

CULLODEN, HOW NICE OF YOU *JOIN* US. HOW WAS THE ACTION IN THE *BROOM CLOSET*?

I WAS NOT *HIDING*. I WAS SCANNING DORIS' FILES FOR A WAY TO *BEAT* IT.

IT'S A *PHOTOSTIM-BIOMANGLER CLASS TWO*. MADE TO BE *DORMANT* UNDER NIGHT COVER, SO THAT IN *DAYLIGHT* IT CAN DO ITS THING.

RONK SCHK SLASH CUT MAIM

Click

DORIS!

OH, MY — YOU... YOU KILLED IT!

DORIS WAS NEVER "ALIVE" TO BEGIN WITH, ZOE, SO "KILL" IS A *MISNOMER* — TECHNICALLY, I JUST "*DISHANTLED*" HER.

'SIDES I WOULD NEVER *DISEMBOWEL* ANY STUPID CREATURE JUST FOR *GIGGLES*. I MEAN, BESIDES *HANSON* —

B-BUT WHY, WHEN YOU COULD HAVE JUST —?

WELL, *KENTUCKY FRIED*... MANKIND SIMPLY WASN'T MEANT TO WIELD A *WEAPON* AS *POWERFUL* AS DORIS, AND SOMETIMES WE MUST *KILL* THAT WHICH WE *LOVE* THE MOST AND 'CAUSE HE'S THE DJ, I'M THE *RAPPER*...

TRUTH IS, I'M NOT ALL THAT *WELL* IN THE *HEAD*.

WHEEEZE

HHHZZz

BUT I *DID* SAVE THE DAY, RIGHT, CULLODEN?

THERE GOES MY *PATENT*...

GET REAL, WILSON. WHY?

BECAUSE NO ONE BUT ME SAYS WHAT MY LIFE IS WORTH, TOOTS. 'SPECIALLY NOT MASON DIXON, HERE.

CULLODEN!

I WON'T FORGET THIS.

I WANT *EXPLANATIONS*, AND I WANT THEM LAST WEEK!

WELL, YOU SEE, MAN *CANNOT* PLAY GOD. WHEN HE *DOES*, IT ALWAYS LEADS TO CHAOS AND *WOE*, AS EVIDENCED IN "*FRANKENSTEIN*," "*SPECIES*" AND "*TOMMY BOY*" --

-- ALSO, WHEN *PARENTS* EXPECT EDUCATORS TO RAISE THEIR CHILDREN, *KINDERGARTNERS* BECOME SLOBBERING MONSTERS WITH A FETISH FOR *BLOOD* --

OH, I ALSO THINK THAT THE "*GIRL POWER*" PHENOMENON MIGHT HAVE *WARPED* DORIS... THAT *SCARY SPICE* COULD DRIVE ANYONE OVER THE EDGE --

ENOUGH! CENTRAL! GET A DETAIL DOWN HERE TO RESTRAIN MR. DEADPOOL --

BRING EXTRA ROUNDS AND A RUSTY CLEAVER!

OH, NO. ANOTHER DEADLY TEAM OF SPAM IN ARMOR. CAN YOU SMELL MY FEAR? I TREMBLE.

GET A LIFE. I'M VAPORS, CATS.

BEFORE WE THROW WILSON TO THE DOGS AND TRASH YEARS OF RESEARCH AND MAN-HOURS --

-- MIGHT I POINT OUT THAT NO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL SHOULD EVER HAVE BEEN IN THE R.D. DIVISION TO BEGIN WITH?

SO?

SO WHEN THE 3 L'S GET BACK FROM SUBSTRATE NINETEEN AND REVIEW TODAY'S RECORDS... WILL THEY SEE AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT, HEROICALLY RESOLVED BY OUR NEWEST EMPLOYEE...?

OR AN NON-CERTIFIED STRANGER CLEANING UP YOUR MESS FOR YOU? IN YOUR BUILDING? WITH YOUR --

ENOUGH, CULLODEN... GOD, I HATE IT WHEN YOU THINK FASTER THAN I DO.

MR. WILSON...

...

THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIMELY ASSISTANCE IN THIS MATTER. WE -- WE OWE YOU OUR GRATITUDE.

I ONLY TAKE CASH, THANK YOU... OR BACK ISSUES OF "LEGZZ QUARTERLY."

IN SPITE OF THIS MORNING'S... INCIDENT, I SINCERELY HOPE THAT YOU WILL MEET WITH US AGAIN, AND HEAR OUR OFFER.

MAYBE... CAN I COME TO YOUR HOUSE AND BE YOUR SPECIAL FRIEND?

GET ME OUT OF HERE OR I'LL GUT HIM MYSELF.

WHAT A STIFF. I GOTTA TELL YOU, CULLODEN, I'M NOT TOO SURE THIS IS GONNA WORK OUT...

THE ARTISTE IN ME FEELS STIFLED. SUCH A DREARY ENVIRONMENT, NO NAP TIME --

ONE STEP AT A TIME, WILSON... ONE STEP AT A TIME.

WELL... I GUESS THAT'S IT THEN... NO DEATH... NO SWEET RELEASE, CHILDREN...

HOWEVER, I DO BELIEVE THAT THESE STUFFY OLD HALLS ARE ABOUT TO GET VERY STIMULATING VERY QUICKLY.

WELCOME TO THE FAMILY, DEADPOOL. MAY YOU GET OUT IN ONE PIECE.

AFTER A SHOWER, AND A QUICK TELEPORT HOME, COURTESY OF LL&L...

TWO-FOUR-SIX EIGHT —

— WHO'S THAT CROTCHETY OLD GEEZER WE LOVE TO BERATE?

BLIND AL! BLIND AL! YAAAY!

I'M HOOOME!

HEY AL, YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT HAPPENED TO ME...

...TODAY?

YOU CLEANED?

YOU COOKED?

YOU...

AL?

GOOD NIGHT... MASTER.

WHAT? AL —

DEADPOOL PLAY GROUND

SLAMM

GEE, AND JUST WHEN I STARTED TO FORGET WHAT A YUTZ I AM...

THANKS, AL.

THE END FOR THIS MONTH

DEADLINES

Hey, gang! Can you believe it? It's a letters page! Betcha almost forgot what one was, huh? Yeah, yeah, we're sorry. We know that the letters page is the true highlight of the book every month, and we've deprived you of it for far too long, what with all of our extra-length stories the last few months! So, after long months of waiting....

Dear *Deadlines*,

Issue #11 was amazing! I can't believe how well it turned out. Actually, sure I can believe it, because it was written by Joe Kelly! That guy's talent astounds me. I don't know how he ever came up with such an original idea. You could have knocked me over with a feather I was laughing so hard. Seeing Deadpool mingling with Harry Osborn, Gwen Stacy, Flash Thomspon and Mary Jane Watson was just, well, hilarious. You know, I never really noticed the huge resemblance between Blind Alfred and Aunt May before now. I'm curious to see how Peter Parker would react to meeting her. Any chance of that sometime soon? Hint hint hint!?

Anyway, that's all I've got to say about that. Thank you for making such a great issue, and thank you for giving me my money's worth. DEADPOOL #11 was truly a masterpiece.

James Quentin Reynolds
Hampton Bays, NY

Whew. It's great to hear that you liked issue #11, James. The general consensus was overwhelmingly positive! The issue was, to say the least, an absolute blast to work on! Mad props go out to Joe, Pete, Nathan, Al, and the entire creative team (as well as Stan and John for giving us such great material to work with), because they more than deserve all the praise we can give them!

Dear *Deadlines*,

Thank you, thank you, thank you for DEADPOOL #11. I can't remember the last time a comic book brought me so much laughter. I laughed so much that my mother, who was in the same room as me, kept asking, "What's so funny? Tell me. I want to laugh, too." DEADPOOL just keeps getting better. Until Deadpool makes another time-jump and shaves Norman's head because having no hair is better than what passes for his hair now, make mine Marvel!

Elizabeth Kovery
Shelton, CT

See? Another bit of praise for issue #11! All that hard work was worth it! Maybe 64 pages every month would be cool! Really! Joe...? Walter...? Come on, guys, we're just kidding! Guys? Hey, put that down. Come on, that thing's really sharp, guys! That's not funny! Guys....?! Ulp!

Dear *Deadlines*,

Whoo-hoo! I just read issue #12! I think Joe Kelly and Pete Woods do excellent jobs! I noticed something about #12: you know how Wade threw down his holographic projector? Well, when "Terry" showed up she was speaking perfect English! Could it be that it was Typhoid using Wade's projector? And why was Gerry speaking German? Translation, please!

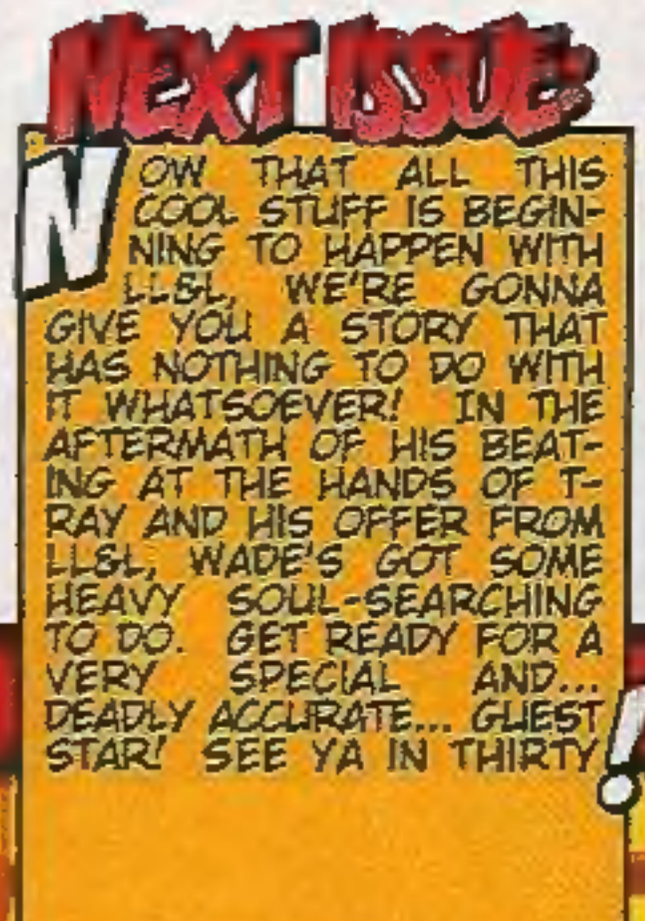
Well, until Wade becomes a hippie and settles down with Typhoid Mary, make mine Marvel!!

Joey Bryant
Los Alamitos, CA

Hey... who sent you a preview copy of the plot? That Kelly guy had better watch it! Seriously, though, great guess, Joey! We had several letters expressing ideas on "Terry's" true identity, but only a few of you guessed correctly! We thought we gave out ample hints, and it's great to see that our faithful readers are picking them up!

Why was Gerry speaking German, you ask? He was in Germany! What else would he speak? But as for a translation, don't sweat it. As we established a while back with the translation of his little Paris adventure, nothing he says in those scenes has any relevance to the plot. But the fact that a bum from Golden Gate Park is actually making these trips and speaking foreign languages is pretty... out of character, no? Heh heh. But, by now, you know that Gerry is a lot more than he seems.

By the way, folks, what do you think of our brand-spanking-new art team of Walter McDaniel and Anibal Rodriguez? They rock, huh? Write in and let us know!


NEXT ISSUE
NOW THAT ALL THIS COOL STUFF IS BEGINNING TO HAPPEN WITH LL&L, WE'RE GONNA GIVE YOU A STORY THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT WHATSOEVER! IN THE AFTERMATH OF HIS BEATING AT THE HANDS OF T-RAY AND HIS OFFER FROM LL&L, WADE'S GOT SOME HEAVY SOUL-SEARCHING TO DO. GET READY FOR A VERY SPECIAL AND... DEADLY ACCURATE... GUEST STAR! SEE YA IN THIRTY!

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